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CHRISTMAS BELLS

The Gathering Point

By J. Cyril Flower

MR. John Greenleaf Whittier's religious poem "Our Master," written in 1866, concludes with the verse:

"The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise."

The poem consists of 38 verses, some of which, included in many Hymn Books (including our own), are widely familiar, though probably the whole poem is not as well known as it deserves to be, for it is an expression of liberal Quaker mysticism at its best and most universal. The "Lord Christ," "Lord and Master of us all," "Friend, Brother and Lord," of the poem refer, not to the figure of a theological creed, but to a vivid personal experience. That experience is of "Immortal Love, for ever full, for ever flowing free, for ever shared, for ever whole, a never ebbing sea." For Whittier, as for the Christian disciple everywhere who is a lover and follower of Jesus, and not merely a receiver of Christian dogma, Jesus is the great human expression and gathering point of that Immortal Love, and his life and teaching, the legends and stories that are associated with his birth, life and death, are precious to us for their attempt to engrave in our hearts the eternal truth that the love which lived in Jesus and in which Jesus lived is indeed Immortal, indestructible by the cross. "He is His own best evidence, His witness is within."

In the Heart

This, then, is the Master of us all, whose Christian bells must be rung in the heart, and whose inward altars must there be raised. It is a challenge specially relevant to the age in which we now live, and to the Christmas festival we are about to celebrate. All of us brought up and in any substantial measure habituated in outlook and conduct by the great sentiments derived from Greece, Rome and Christianity, are continuously faced with the heart searching question "How shall we live in an age of violence?" "in a world where great hordes have rejected, or have never learned, the traditions of Rome and of Christ, of Athens and of the Renaissance, and are determined to wipe away

even the memory of them from the earth." (Charles Morgan, in the Introduction to his play "The River Line.") We need something more than a brief vacation of forgetfulness, or switched attention, in which we can try to be gay and care-free, for a new year follows Christmas, and our problem is all the years of our life, whether they be few or many.

A Recurring Theme

Professor John MacMurray once said that the sting of fear is the state of being afraid, and that the state of fearing is always worse than the thing or things of which we are afraid. This is an interpretative comment on a recurring theme in the teaching of Jesus. How many times, and in how many ways, did Jesus urge upon his friends and followers to "be not afraid," "fear not," "be not anxious." It is one thing to face problems and difficulties and ominous threats with the clear knowledge that we may have to undergo hardship, suffering and sacrifice, with serenity of mind and undaunted faith, but quite another to fall into a state of mental and spiritual disequilibrium. Charles Morgan (ibid.) says of Heron (Major John Lang) that his special quality was that "he had reached a condition of interior equilibrium" and that "Looking in himself and in others for a peace within all wars and a sanity within all madness, he was not torn by our anxieties." So said Jesus of him who seeks first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness; he is able to "be not anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious for itself." I have never forgotten the words a wise doctor once spoke to me: "It doesn't matter how hard and long you work if you don't get yourself into a condition of worry."

The Inward Grace

It is well to remember, as we approach Christmas, that there are two aspects of its celebration. One is the habitual and conventional. We give and receive presents and good wishes, arrange and participate in parties and festivities largely under the pressure of established custom. And a good custom it is, so far as it helps to bring refreshment and renewal. But we need to pay attention to the other aspect of the celebration, which has to do with the inmost feelings, convictions and self preparations of the religious life. We shall ring the metal bells and decorate the altars of Churches because we are committed to these actions by tradition and general social programme. But nothing ex-

ternal will cause the heart to ring Christmas bells, or raise inward altars, and

"In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound."

unless these things are the outward signs of an inward grace and an unconquerable faith.

Christmas is, therefore, a time for us to endeavour, under the stimulus of all the hallowed associations of the Festival of the birth of Jesus, to recover, attain, or consolidate that inner equilibrium of mind, soul and spirit, which will make possible for us and for our fellows not only a "merry Christmas," but also a happy New Year.

What Really Happened at Christmas?

By Fred Kenworthy

THERE is a sense in which Christmas as we know it to-day, the most universal and most beloved of all festivals, is far older than Christianity. The customs, traditions, and pageantry that we associate with it, and which, unless we are prepared to drive sentiment altogether from our hearts, we delight to honour, have their roots in the earliest of man's religious rituals. Of the day, month, or even the year of the nativity of Jesus Christ, we have no authentic knowledge. Beautiful though the birth narratives are in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, and particularly in Luke, they have their origin not in historical fact, but in man's creative imagination. If we are to infer anything at all from them as to the time of year in which Jesus was born, then it would not be in December, a cold and rainy month in the hill country of Judaea, but rather in April or May that shepherds would be watching their flocks by night. It is indeed far more likely that Jesus was born in Galilee, in the village of Nazareth where he was brought up, than in Bethlehem of Judaea. Not until more than three hundred years after his brief ministry have we any certain information that the Western Church observed his birthday on December 25. According to liturgical experts, the earliest mention of the festival on that date comes from Rome, in the Philocalian Calendar, which may be dated A.D. 336. Earlier than this it had been observed by various Christian centres in May and also in January, sometimes concurrently with Epiphany.

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It is suggested that two influences worked together to fix December 25 as the traditional date of Jesus' birth. In the first place, it is linked with March 25, which according to certain of the Latin Fathers (Tertullian among them) was the date of the Crucifixion. This was a purely arbitrary choice, in conflict with the evidence provided by the Gospels, and may have been made to coincide with the traditional date of the creation of the world. As Jesus was regarded as in all respects perfect, his life must have consisted of complete years, so his conception must have been also on March 25 and his birth on December 25. In the second place, there came the influence of the great mid-winter feast, universally observed among primitive people. It was the festival that marked the year's turning, an out-pouring of the spirit of thankfulness that once again the powers of light and life had overcome the earth's winter sleep. Among the Romans, December 25 was celebrated as the birthday of the unconquered and unconquerable sun, the *sol invictus*. The week prior to the 25th was a period of

universal rejoicing and merriment and even of mad licence. Its observance lasted well into Christian times and the Church found itself powerless to destroy it. So in its wisdom the Church determined that if it could not destroy the festival, it would transform it. It turned the pagan festival of the unconquered sun into the feast of the Nativity of the Sun of Righteousness.

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With the spread of Christianity throughout Europe, and the bringing within its orbit of the barbarian tribes of the North, the same problem arose. Again the Church gave a Christian meaning to ancient rituals. The great Yule fires of the Norsemen's festival of the winter solstice became incorporated in the observance of Christmas. Thus it is that customs and traditions that we associate with "a good old fashioned Christmas" have their origin in the myths and the ritual practices of our pagan forefathers. The most charming of our customs, the giving of presents, has come down to us from Roman times. The Christmas Tree, not introduced into England until the reign of Queen Victoria, but having a much longer history on the Continent, has its prototype in the Roman Saturnalia. The Yule log, and the illumination and garlanding of houses with holly and mistletoe, and the decoration of churches with evergreens, are an absorption into Christianity of the sacred rites of primitive religions. It is several centuries since the boar's head was supplanted by the turkey at English tables at Christmas, but in the aspect of Christmas as a feast, and not a fast, which was what the Church once intended it to be, vestiges of the ancient sacrifice to the sun god still remain.

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It was in the Middle Ages that Christmas as a feast reached its highest peak of magnificence. Then it had a splendour and a pageantry that it never had earlier and it has never possessed since. It was rich with gems from East and West, with Biblical tradition, and it had a flavour of the lore of Persia and Egypt. It was all mingled with the mid-winter rejoicing of the barbarian tribes that Christianity had conquered, and which, like all conquered peoples, deeply influenced their conquerors. We regard Christmas as essentially the children's festival, but it was not so at the first. Christ the Sun of Righteousness, Christ the Judge, Christ the Redeemer, these were the themes of the Christmas message. But in the Middle Ages the story of the Child in the Manger came into its own. Out of the drama of the midnight mass—Christ's Mass—with which Christmas Day began, came the nativity plays by which the Church endeavoured always to teach its spiritual significance. Since then, through the Reformation, through Puritan England, through the Industrial Revolution, Christmas has remained, ever changing, ever attracting to itself a rich variety of custom and tradition, but ever witnessing to man's greatest hope.

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Far though Christmas has often wandered from the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, and never farther than in the commercialized Christmas of the present day, yet it is the symbol of all that brings joy and gladness to the human heart. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people." There, in man's imaginative reflection upon the coming into the world of Jesus, the note of universalism is struck at once. It has been maintained throughout the generations in the remarkable power of the Christmas story to take to itself something from all the nations and peoples to whom it has been brought. Christmas means the oneness, the unity, of all men on the face of the earth. In the face of him who in spite of all the sin and suffering of the world could see and trust the image of God in the face of every human being, we see the spiritual power that alone will transcend the barriers of class, race and creed. We do well to rejoice at Christmas, but in the midst of our rejoicing, let us not forget its source, and look to God, our Father and the Father of Jesus Christ, as the giver of all life, and the sustainer of all human faith, hope and love.

A Christmas Message

From the President of the General Assembly

In carrying out my duties as President of the General Assembly I have been brought into personal contact with many of the Ministers and Lay folk forming our household of Faith and as I read *The Inquirer* Calendar each week the Churches and their Preachers are more than names and in many instances I can picture the congregations at worship. Because I have made so many new friends during my travels and hope to make many more before next April, I welcome the invitation of the Editor to send a message of greeting in this Christmas number of *The Inquirer*.

I specially send affectionate greetings to :

- (1) Ministers, who, in season and out of season, are preaching the Word and ministering to the spiritual needs of their congregations; also to their wives and families, who so loyally support them and uphold them in their task.
- (2) Lay Preachers, who give so much of their time to preparation and conduct of worship and who, in these days of shortage of Ministers, are called upon to fulfil more than a fair share of preaching appointments, often involving travelling long distances in all weathers.
- (3) Sunday School Teachers and Leaders of Youth Organizations, in whose care very largely rests not only the spiritual training and guidance of young people and children but the future recruitment of Church members for our Movement.
- (4) Church Officers and Members of Management Committees, who bring to the business side of our Organizations the administrative and financial skill, which is necessary if the Church and its various Societies are to function properly.
- (5) Church Members, who, by their loyal support of public worship and their membership and attendance at weekday activities, are helping to keep the flag of our free religious faith flying under difficult circumstances and on whom we rely for the necessary support to keep the Church doors open.

Christmas is essentially a family affair and we are entitled to rejoice together in spirit at this Season for all that our faith means to us and for that One Solitary Life, the anniversary of whose birth we celebrate on Christmas Day, who has had such a tremendous effect on the history of mankind and in whose spirit we join together in the service of God and man.

I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy and healthful New Year. May God's blessing rest on the work of our Churches and Chapels.

S. R. Butler.

Christmas in the Khasi Hills

By Margaret Barr

MOST of my Christmases in the Khasi Hills have been spent on tour to the village churches. Schools all have a long winter holiday and the winter weather, cold, dry and bracing, is ideal for touring. So, until the last few years, Christmas has generally found me somewhere far from home away in the wilds.

Only two, however, stand out in my memory for any specifically "Christmas" flavour that they had.

One of the things that most distinguish the Khasi Unitarians from the rest of the Unitarian world is the completeness with which they have severed themselves from their

Christian moorings. So anxious are they to avoid being confused with their Orthodox brethren that they neither read the Bible nor celebrate any of the Christian festivals. I have tried to break down this opposition by reading the Bible regularly when I conduct services and by giving addresses on the Unitarian attitude to the Christian festivals on many occasions—addresses which, I fear, have failed to arouse much interest in the hearers, though this is hardly surprising in view of the fact that they do not celebrate the said festivals in either their homes or their churches and so have no vital interest in or feeling for them.

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There is little doubt, moreover, that this custom goes back to their founder, for our Khasi hymn-book, which he wrote, contains no Easter hymns and only one Christmas one, "It came upon the midnight clear"; and even that I have never heard sung in a service except when I have myself asked for it.

The reason for this antipathy to anything specifically Christian is not far to seek. The Khasi Unitarian Church was founded as a protest against the narrow Calvinism of the local missions, and to this day a "Christian" in the Khasi Hills means a Calvinist, which the Unitarian is quite sure that he is not. Inevitably, therefore, my course of instruction for the boys who come to Kharang for training is including a fairly large proportion of Bible study, study of Unitarian history and of the universal significance of the Christian festivals. But the festivals themselves continue to come and go unmarked and unhonoured by the Unitarian churches.

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Twice, however, I have enjoyed a bit of real Christmas, both times at the little village of Raliang where one of our churches is situated. It happens that there is a Roman Catholic mission centre about two miles from our church, and one year, on my tour, I fell in with one of the sisters who was returning from Shillong, and did some miles of the journey in her company. After a period of more or less idle conversation she asked me how it came that I was not in the true church. I replied to the effect that "the true church" as I understood it was wide enough to include such as I, and I quoted S. Longfellow's hymn. She made no further attempt to convert me and the miles passed quickly as we told one another about our work and life. At parting she gave me a warm invitation to visit their convent whenever I passed that way.

The next year I arrived at Raliang on Christmas Eve and remembering her invitation, I decided to go over early on Christmas morning and take them a Christmas greeting. I was welcomed with open arms, and when they discovered that I had nothing special to do all day except rest, they urged me to spend the day with them. This I did and joined in all their festivities, taught singing games to the girls of the school, partook of a wonderful Christmas dinner complete with real Christmas pudding and tea with home-made bread and butter and Christmas cake, and ended up with vespers in their little chapel. For this, of course, my incurably uncovered head had to be decently draped in a topi and veil lent by one of the nuns.

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I think it was on that day that the dream of a rural centre, with clinic, garden, school and chapel, was born in me, and I still visualize my ideal rural centre in terms of that little Catholic community.

Five years later I again happened to be passing that way at Christmas and decided to call on my way past. I had planned how to explain myself, in the most likely event of there being none still there who remembered me. I rang the bell. A few moments later the little shuttered window in the door was opened. But before I had time to begin my speech the door was flung open and there on the threshold with both arms outstretched, stood my own special Sister Ernestine saying, "It's Miss Barr. And it was Christmas when you came

before. Come in and rest. There's Christmas cake again." She was the only one still there of those I had met five years before. But the new ones had all heard of me and of the Christmas Day that I had spent at the convent. And they were able to give me much news of my little Unitarian flock: who had been ill, who had died, who had had babies. For theirs is the only centre for miles round where help and medicine and advice can be obtained by all and sundry, and the sisters are honoured and beloved by all the villagers irrespective of creed.

My first Christmas at Kharang, in 1951, I planned a Youth Conference. But it failed for lack of support from the young people for whom it was designed. I continue to hope, however, that the time will come when Kharang will be the scene annually of gatherings which will give me the opportunity of introducing something of the programme and spirit of Christmas at Great Hucklow, to which in externals actually and in spirit potentially it bears considerable resemblance.

A Unitarian Christmas in Hungary

By Gabriel Kereki

(Mr. Kereki is the minister of the Tenterden chapel. He came to this country from Hungary soon after the war to study at Manchester College, Oxford. Hardly knowing a word of English when he came he has mastered our language—as this article testifies—and is happily settled at Tenterden, Kent.)

THERE is a "prelude" to Christmas in most countries. In England the appearance of Christmas decorations in the shop windows and Father Christmas' visits paid to the bigger shops in larger towns seem to mark the beginning of the Christmas Season. There is a "prelude" to Christmas in Hungary, too. But it seems to start on a more definite note. On St. Nicholas' Day, December 6, Father Christmas, "Mikulás" as he is called in Hungary, brings small presents to children filling their stockings with them. He is the image of Father Christmas and his coming marks the beginning of the Christmas Season in Hungary.

Soon after that day carol singing begins. As dusk falls, tunes of carols can be heard from all parts of the villages. It is rather a picturesque sight to meet one of these parties. They are usually dressed for the occasion: the shepherds in heavy, white sheepskin coats with the fur on the outside and sheepskin caps almost as large as the bearskin of a guardman. With lanterns in their hands, they pull along a sledge carrying on it the manger with the "babe" in it. Then there are the three kings and other well known biblical figures. They call at every house asking for kind permission to recite the old Christmas story and to sing carols. These are different from the English ones both in tune and words except perhaps for the one well known the world over, "Silent Night . . . Stille Nacht . . . Cændes Ej." The treasures of English carols are greater than the Hungarian ones. But they should not be compared, the theme is the same.

Christmas in Hungary begins with Christmas Eve. It is at dusk on that day that an angel—not Father Christmas—delivers his presents and brings a Christmas tree to almost every home. His coming is heralded by the gentle sound of a tiny bell. At that moment members of the family gather around their Christmas tree and receive their presents.

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In our churches in England the Carol Service seems to be the main service of the season and it is held usually sometime before Christmas. In Hungary on the morning of Christmas Day the bells begin to ring calling people to their place of

worship. In most villages the church is built on a hill overlooking the village. From there one can see people starting off toward the church slowly and in a dignified manner. Their walk is well timed and they all seem to arrive at the church just when the last sound of the bells dies away. This service is conducted by the local minister. But the other three services—there are services held on both days in the morning and in the afternoon—are conducted, and the sermon is given, by a young visiting preacher. He is a representative, a "legate," of the Unitarian College. He comes to conduct the services at the invitation of the congregation. For his services he receives the special collection, an appreciable fee usually enough to cover his expenses in the next term. This custom is a very old one and seems to work well. It gives a rest to the local minister, a source of income to the student, a change to the congregation, and an opportunity to both the student and the congregation to become acquainted with each other.

One of the most charming memories one has of Christmas in Hungary is connected with the Hungarian "U.Y.P.L." Every year they buy a Christmas tree and some presents for one or more of the poor families in whose home there would be no Christmas tree otherwise. On Christmas Eve repre-



Interior, Hungarian Unitarian Church

sentative parties of the League set out, led by their minister, and take the trees to the homes of those families. They decorate them on the spot with great care and place their presents under the trees. This is followed by a short service, a prayer, and a hymn or two. Finally they leave wishing a "Happy Christmas." The English Christmas Gift Service comes from the same thought. The interpretation is slightly different; the theme is the same.

It seems to be a general assumption that the beautiful custom of the Christmas tree is as old as Christianity itself. This is not so. In the Strasbourg of the Seventeenth Century an honourable teacher has for the first time I believe put it on record as a local custom and a childish habit there. Goethe, in one of his works, mentions the sweet and lovely atmosphere which the Christmas tree creates amongst children. Since then it has conquered the whole of Europe and other lands. It has made this great conquest because it originated from a great thought. In England, in Hungary and elsewhere we have learnt the meaning of love from Jesus and we want to practise it first and foremost in connection with children. That is why Christmas has first become the day of the children, then the day of the family, and finally, through an unspoken agreement, the exceptional and dear occasion of a universal desire to make others happy.

Comment

Christmas Comes but Once a Year

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year": so we are in the habit of repeating when we wish to excuse a bit of seasonable extravagance. To-day, however, in spite of the Calendar date still remaining December 25, Christmas must almost be, in the eyes of children at least, a period of about two months, in which Father Christmas dominates the toy shops, and all the stores are crowded with shoppers anxious to "get in early." When commercialized celebrations are strung out over so long a period, Christmas surely loses its thrill and its meaning, and the pockets of parents are empty over a longer period than need be. I am sure that half a century ago, the shops were not decorated and Father Christmas did not appear until, at the very most, two weeks before Christmas Day, and Father's financial position suffered less, and children did not feel so frustrated by the continued exhibition of toys and decorations over weeks and weeks, only a very small portion of which is destined for their enjoyment.

Is the modern trend due to ordinary commercial rivalry, or is it an importation from America? Perhaps it is both. I remember being in a New York department store in the month of October, when the tune of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" was sounded out deafeningly by bells in every department one entered. The whole tendency is unfortunate, and, in the long run detracts from the unique enjoyment of Christmas itself; but there is very little, I am afraid, that can be done about it.

Children's Logic

Just how far children may be affected by this spreading-out and commercialization of Christmas is hard to say. They are just as logical, on the whole, as grown-ups, but are less likely to criticize the premises from which they argue. I remember myself taking a statement of my mother's in a very literal way, coming to a very different conclusion from what she intended. Mustard wasn't much used in my home except with ham; but one day when very small I was at dinner with my father and mother at a hotel. Someone not far away had, like myself, roast beef, and when I saw him take some mustard, I imitated him, of course taking too much. My mother rebuked me mildly, and mentioning the name of the manufacturer, she said: "They say that so-and-so made his money out of what people leave on their plates," and I remember calculating how long it would take to collect a bucketful of mustard from the plates, wondering how so-and-so arranged to have it collected, and thinking that it must have to undergo quite a lot of treatment before it appeared again as powder in the well-known tins.

My literalness led me to slander an excellent firm in a way my mother never intended. Children, too, sometimes take far too literally cautionary tales in advertisements of tooth-paste and the like. When one of my children was very small, I happened to mention at breakfast-time that one of her aunts was very sick. After the meal was over she came up to me with a worried look, and asked what was the matter: "Is it Giant?" I didn't understand at first, but it referred to the picture of a horrible ogre, Giant Decay, which appeared on her tooth-paste wrapping, who was supposed to be the cause of all manner of illnesses, if one did not clean one's teeth.

The Christmas Ring

It is strange that one of the most widely observed Christmas customs in England, the decking of a Christmas tree, is not of ancient English origin, being no older than the advent of the Prince Consort not much more than a century ago. It is remarkable, too, how this custom has become so popular, but its beauty and suggestion of the romantic has been in its favour. The nearest English equivalent to the Christmas tree was probably the "Kissing-ring," made of holly and other evergreen twigs. It was hung up, with little bits of mistletoe hanging from it, and decorated with candles.

It seems to have performed the function in Christmas celebrations that are now given to the mistletoe unaided. The Germans, from whom we got the Christmas tree, had a very delightful form of the "kissing-ring." It was hung up just before Advent Sunday, and on Advent Sunday itself, the first of the four candles with which it was decorated was lighted, while the family stood round singing carols. On the Second Sunday in Advent, the second candle was lighted, whilst on the last Sunday in Advent all four candles were lighted, when, in addition to the singing of carols, the Christmas stories in the Gospels were read.

The Attraction of the Christmas Tree

In Russia an attempt was made about twenty years ago to abolish the idea of Christmas tree, the reason given being the waste of good timber. But even there legal prohibitions were not sufficient to banish the idea of the Christmas and what it suggested, so that to-day even Trade Unions and Houses of Culture have their Christmas Trees, disguised as New Year trees, with their attendant Father Christmas, disguised as Grandfather Frost. In Spain there is a Father Christmas in every house, decorated with silver thread and coloured globes and lights, but not laden with presents. There the presentation of gifts is reserved for the sixth of January, the Feast of the Epiphany, when gifts are made, in imitation of the gifts brought by the Kings of the East to the infant Jesus; and it is not merely a private occasion, but the "Kings" ride through gaily decorated streets, accompanied by the Star of the East, and distribute gifts in the poorer parts of the towns.

Commentator.

How We Look After Our Children

By Florence Railton

(Miss Railton is a leader of the Unitarian Sunday School at the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

WHETHER or not it be true, as is so often asserted, that the child is the nation's greatest asset, there is a sense in which it is certainly true of a church, and how we look after our children becomes, therefore, a matter of considerable importance.

At the Church of the Divine Unity, Newcastle-on-Tyne, it may be said to begin at birth, for as soon as a child is christened the parents are invited to have him enrolled as a member of the Cradle Roll and from that moment the Sunday School never loses sight of him. On his first, second and third birthdays the Cradle Roll secretary sends him a greeting, and on his fourth birthday this is accompanied by an invitation to become a member of the Sunday School.

There was a time when the Sunday School met in the afternoon but, as for most city churches, this created problems. Because of the difficulties of transport and supervision it was rarely possible for the child of four to attend, unless there was already in the school an older brother or sister to bring him. But now we have a better way of doing things. We hold our children's service in the morning at the same time as the Church service. At first we had misgivings: there was the loss of several teachers from the morning service, and the fear that some of the children might, like their elders, be wedded to their beds, and not make the effort to come to a morning service. But we need not have feared. The success of the experiment has more than justified the faith and courage of those who first proposed it. It is not simply that the children may now be brought by their parents, but that very often, we suspect, the parents are brought by the children, for there are

few who, having once experienced a Primary Department service ever want to miss it. Here the children bring their treasures animate and inanimate, handle and care for living things, share their "news" with teachers and friends, and worship God through simple hymn and prayer and the sharing of creative activities so dear to the heart of a little child.

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At eight years of age the children are transferred to the Upper School where by similar enlightened methods, their religious education is continued. These older children, being able to travel unaccompanied, sometimes bring friends along with them, but it still remains substantially true that the really reliable core consists of those whose parents are themselves Church members. We are thus, in a very real sense, a Family Church, and quite frequently children and parents worship together, notably on Mothering Sunday, Fellowship Sunday, and at Harvest Festival and Christmas Tree and Toy Services when the children bring their gifts for the poor of the city.

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We think it a good thing not only for the children to become Church-conscious, but for their elders to become Sunday School-conscious. Occasionally, the tables are turned and the parents come into the Durant Hall to worship with the children. This happens every year on the first Sunday in May, when the Sunday School Anniversary takes the form of a Demonstration Service at which the parents are able to see what goes on in the Sunday School and to share in the children's worship. For most of them it is a moving experience, and results in a renewed interest in the work of the school. And how helpful and co-operative they are! Twenty years ago they bought chairs for the Primary Department. Now they are contributing to the purchase of stacking tables. We give no prizes for attendance, but at Christmas every child receives the gift of a book. For over twenty years this has been our policy, and we have never had cause to regret it.

Behind all this, of course, is a staff of the finest calibre, and whatever prestige the Sunday School has achieved, either within our community or beyond, is not a little due to the unselfish devotion and reverence which they bring to their work. Writing in these columns twenty years ago, I stressed the point that the real Sunday School problem was a leadership problem. It always is. I have not changed my mind since 1934. The school was then 50 strong. It now registers a steady 70-75 children each year. This is not achieved without much skill and sacrifice on the part of the staff. Teachers in the Primary Department must attend the weekly Preparation Class. In the Upper School, where the teachers are more experienced and many, being married, have home responsibilities, this is replaced by frequent conferences. Services are carefully planned, as are lesson courses. There is nothing haphazard about either. In a sense we have our own teacher-producing plant. Primary Department teachers are drawn from the older Sunday School scholars. After three or four years, they pass on to the Upper School to make room for other teenagers who are eager to teach in their turn; and there are now several teachers in the Sunday School who, fifteen years ago were children in the Primary Department.

The instruction is systematic, giving a large place to the Bible which is the Handbook of the Christian faith, and that broadly speaking, through Nature and every experience of beauty, through creative activity, through service for others, through fellowship and through worship, we hope to build Christian character and to give the children an experience of God.

There is important work for our Colleges to do, not only in giving some training to future ministers for this important aspect of their work, but in organising short residential courses within the College of one term or even one month's duration, for the training of lay workers who could then give

help as Sunday School specialists in their Church or District Association.

Is this an impossible ideal?

GIFTS

By J. S. Hallam

AT this hour of Christmas we gather round our warm hearth and for this brief hour the living and the ghosts-of-the-living share in adoring the birth of Jesus and the nativity of Christ. No matter what might be said by those who have searched the mysteries of the past, we sing with the ghosts tales of shepherds watching their flocks by night, of the Angel of the Lord who came to them, and of the infant Jesus sleeping in the manger of a stable so reminiscently English. In this magic hour we are at one with the men of Coventry, Wakefield, York and Chester, who wrote simple folk-plays of shepherds, of Joseph and Mary and of the nativity.

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We see a small stage mounted on a cart, we hear much noise, a bugle blows and then a rough shepherd appears on the stage; the play has begun. It is in faraway Wakefield and the shepherd moans about the cold and bitter weather and the rapaciousness of his masters, then he is joined by a second and third shepherd who add their weight to his grumbling, comparing their unhappy lot with that of their masters who are well-fed and sleeping, whilst they are out on the moor, wet and weary, minding their sheep. The first shepherd is suggesting they sing to help pass the long hours of the night, when another man enters, a cloak thrown over his smock.

It is Mak, a braggart with a reputation for dishonesty. The shepherds are not pleased to see him, although they listen sympathetically to his complaints, and when they are tired and need to sleep they make sure he is lying between them. However, Mak only pretends to sleep and when the shepherds begin to snore he casts a spell upon them, stealthily secures a fat wether and hurries off home with it to his wife, Gill. This is not the first sheep he has "borrowed" but this time he is afraid lest the shepherds suspect him and come searching, until Gill suggests they hide the sheep in the cradle pretending she has had another child. This done Mak speedily returns to the shepherds, relieved to find them still asleep under his spell.

★

When the shepherds awake one of them tells how he dreamt that Mak had stolen one of their sheep but Mak side-tracks trouble by pretending he, too, has had a dream; that his wife has had another child, and so begs leave to return home, but not without first inviting the shepherds to look up his sleeves to make sure he has stolen nothing. After he has gone the shepherds count their sheep and finding one missing search for it everywhere, although one of them is quite certain that Mak and Gill are the culprits. Finally, they set out for Mak's house. Mak offers them hospitality and a horse to help them on their way but the shepherds make their business plain. Mak bids them speak softly and when Gill cries out that they are disturbing her he is angry with them for showing such little consideration for a woman in child-bed. Then the outraged Gill cries: "I will eat my new child in the cradle if I have in any way cheated you." But nothing is found, so the shepherds, feeling somewhat shamefaced, prepare to leave when one of them turns to make the customary gift of a sixpence to the little "day star" in the cradle. Mak immediately intervenes. The child is sleeping and will cry if disturbed; but the shepherd insists, and a long, black smock is uncovered.

The shepherds, angry at first, see the joke so instead of chiding or whipping Mak for his crime they toss him in a canvas sheet and then return to the fold carrying the lost sheep. Tired out with their exertions they soon fall asleep.

While they are asleep one of them hears an angel singing: "Gloria in excelsis," bidding them rise and go to Bethlehem. In obedience the shepherds arise and set out on their way, led by a guiding star, and even though they are wet and weary they journey on towards Bethlehem to see "that child and that lady." As they journey they re-call the prophecies of David and Isaiah and how both patriarchs and prophets desired to see this sight that was promised to the poor. At last they arrive and enter the stable where Joseph and Mary with her new born child are resting; the baby Jesus lying between the warm beasts, protected from the cold. The shepherds greet the child with homely cheer and offer him their gifts: the first, a bob of cherries; the second, a bird; and the third, whose heart bleeds to see him so poorly clad, a ball to play with.

As this play ends others take up the story and shepherds from York bring their gifts; a brooch with a tin bell, two cobb-nuts on a ribbon and a horn spoon that holds forty peas; then, likewise, enter the shepherds from Coventry singing a carol. And so the poor, the humble and the lowly assemble round the crib of the new-born Jesus offering their personal gifts, gifts not unlike the widow's mite.

It was gifts such as these that Jesus was to honour, not the gold of kings.

The Owl

By Charles M. Kelly

THE owl was hungry; a flock of quarrelsome starlings had discovered his sleeping place earlier that day and driven him, almost blinded by the sun-glare on the sparkling snow, to seek a perch somewhere else. Robbed of his sleep, cold and hungry, he sat on a fence post listening and watching. The moon was hidden behind snow clouds which would soon drop a fresh carpet to cover the myriad tracks that criss-crossed fields and roads.

On a low mound in the big meadow a hare scampered about, stopped, listened and nibbled the stiff, rough grass. An hour earlier a stoat whose eyes reflected the emptiness of his stomach had glared at the owl and passed on his way leaving neat little footprints among those of wandering pheasants and hurrying rabbits. A silent padded fox saw him too but gave him only a brief glance and went off into the shadows of the fowl-houses.

★

Still the owl waited, perturbed by the unusual activity in the cottage, whose windows, open-eyed, threw yellow shafts of light across the snow. From one window came glows of red and green and blue that winked on and off. The owl blinked his great eyes trying to solve this new problem. Children's voices had long ceased but twice he saw a small face peering from a window of a darkened room as if waiting for an important visitor. Older folk were busy in the cottage and from time to time a door was opened and another yellow beam leapt into the night. The owl knew that it was dangerous to perch on that horizontal bar on the tall upright in the garden . . . but mice were feeding at that place where baited traps waited for heavier raiders. He heard their scampering noises as they quarrelled with a field mouse whose hunger had given him the courage to seek a meal from his relatives.

★

The owl had tried all the field-mice haunts . . . the old birds' nests where they had stored seeds and berries . . . the feeding troughs in the fowl-run . . . the hole in the barn wall where they hid corn. His head turned in almost a complete circle when a rat flushed a water hen that had days ago forsaken the frozen pond, and was now keeping company with the farmyard fowl, but refused to enter their arks at night and preferred to roost in the thorn bushes. The movement of his head seemed to break the fascination the winking lights held for the owl and away he flew only a few feet above the

trampled snow by the hedges. In perfect silence he glided, wing beats muffled by the soft down-like featherlets that tipped each flight feather. His head turned from side to side and his eyes like a cat's eyes saw each small detail and his earholes, almost as big as his eyes, took in every tiny sound. He saw thrushes and blackbirds, little more than balls of feathers, with projecting keels of breast bone sharp as a knife-edge. He heard avalanches of snow fall from overlaid twigs and crash with brittle harshness to the drifts by the roots.

★

Like a phantom he swept along hedge after hedge without effort. Then in an instant the glide became a swoop that changed to a dive. A second later a scrape in the snow and a red stain on the snow marked the spot where a mouse's life had ended. A fox watched as the owl lifted above the hedge, the corpse dangling from the talons of one hanging foot, and flew swiftly to the ruined house where he had been born. To a corner where the beams were too rotted to bear a man's weight he went and there he fed. Around about lay scattered the old bones of many mice, the larger bones of a few young rats, feathers, fur and beetle-wings.

Next morning a robbin hopped from the tree root to inspect the stain, almost black now, on the snow, and frightened, flew to the cottage window sill by the winking red, green and blue lights, some crumbs were spread there, and a dish of water glinted in the strengthened light.

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer," 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

The Religion Universal

Sir,—It was a pleasure to read the editorial on World Unity in the *Inquirer* of October 30. The last two paragraphs contain words of prophetic importance to those who eagerly look forward to the beginning of a modern faith based on belief in an "all embracing God." Some say that the time is not yet ripe for a World Religion, but I beg to differ, for I hold that the time has never been more propitious than now to make a beginning. There are myriads who feel dissatisfied with the narrow dogmatism of the old theologies with their emphasis on hero-worship and the gospels about Moses, Krishna, Jesus and Mohamed, to name a few, instead of laying stress upon the religion about God, as was taught by those great world teachers with their essentially humanistic outlook. Your article is symptomatic of the times.

What is wanted is a bold leadership by persons of vision for promoting an Ecumenical Movement of all religions and bringing their followers on the common platform of a basic Religion of God, which will teach the two great common factors of all true religions, namely (1) belief in a transcendental and omniscient being and (2) equal reverence for all Holy Messengers and their Sacred Books.

One can visualize that the world of the Atomic Age would not be spiritually satisfied with the denominationalism of the present-day orthodoxies, but would tend to range itself according to the two broad conceptions of godhead which go by the names of Monotheism and pan-cum-pan-theism.

I hope that the *Inquirer* will play an important part in preaching the Modern Faith and emancipating its principal ideas.—Yours,

Hydrabad, India.

F. N. Jung.

Must They Be Left To Chance?

Sir,—I hope John Rowland's article "The Local Press" will receive the serious consideration that I, as a recent "discoverer" of the Unitarian Church and reader of the *Inquirer* feel it deserves. Perhaps another "Personal Experience" will be of timely use—I had for long attended and tried to find some response to my own reason in the services at our Parish Church but finding none merely felt hypocritical in continuing attendance. A religious discussion with my naval brother led to the remark "What you are, is a Unitarian"—I asked for an explanation and the source of his knowledge—Apparently Naval Cadets at Dartmouth at any

rate in his day—some 25 years ago—learnt Comparative Religion as part of the necessary training of an officer so that he would have some understanding of the different beliefs held by the men he was to lead.

I had been told I was a Unitarian but it was not till some months later when I was by chance looking at a stray copy of *John O'London's Weekly* that I realized there was a body of people who thought as I did and were formed into a Church. Since then I have corresponded with the Secretary of the Postal Mission attended our nearest Chapel and met the Minister. I regret that ill-health has temporarily interrupted my attendances but remember with gratitude the chance remark and the only copy of *John O'London's Weekly* to come my way which led to my find.

I know that I am only one of many to think as I do but must they be left to chance to find the satisfaction that I have found?—Yours,

Chard, Somerset.

Mary D. Peacock.

M.C.O. and Unitarian

Sir,—I had not intended to reply to "M.R.'s" comment on the "nondescript" character of the Broadcast service from M.C.O., in his appreciative note in your issue of November 27, but Miss Herford's letter leaves me wondering what precisely is the ground of her complaint. Is it that the service organized by the L.A.R.F. in August 1952 was not included under the head "Unitarian" in the list displayed at Somerville College? In that case the responsibility is hardly that of M.C.O. The L.A.R.F. is itself, of course, not a specifically Unitarian institution. Neither is M.C.O. Yet there is a close working relationship between the General Assembly and both these institutions. M.C.O. is at the present time training eleven students for the ministry of the Unitarian and Free Christian Churches in the British Isles or overseas. It has also two American Unitarian students on their own foundation. Its chapel, like many of our older churches, avoids the use of any particular label. Personally, I care little for labels. Nowadays with the extension of the term "Unitarian" to cover a non-theistic position, I care less. What I am concerned about is the cause of Liberal Christianity. I have had a great many evidences from letters since the Broadcast service that it brought real help to many people throughout the country in the worship of God and the understanding of the message of Jesus. I ask no more than to be able to help in such ways.—Yours,

Manchester College, Oxford.

Sidney Spencer.

"Civil Defence on this Island"

Sir,—Are the prospects of human salvage after an atomic explosion really so bright as the Government would have us believe or as Dr. Baker evidently believes?

There was a peace-time H-bomb experimental explosion in the Pacific on March 1 this year. As a result of it a Japanese fisherman died in hospital on September 23. Fifteen of his comrades are still in hospital being kept alive by blood transfusions. The number of white corpuscles in their blood shows no sign of returning to normal according to their doctors. These men were well outside the estimated danger zone.

It is in the light of facts such as these that the pathetic fallacy of "Civil Defence" on this island should be judged. Dr. Baker can work out for himself where the safety zones will be from which the rescuers are going to rush in to help the injured—Mid-Europe or the Mid-Atlantic? Moscow or New York?—Yours,

Rotherham.

N. J. Teape.

The Men's League

Sir,—On behalf of the Unitarian and F.C. Men's League, I thank the Rev. A. H. Birtles, for his rather short reference to the Men's League in the *Inquirer*. Perhaps it would be as well to enlarge on the report, and to answer his question. "In what way the churches could be expected to benefit by forming a Branch of the Men's League." The Men's League was founded in 1920 by a body of men from all over the Country, with a view to writing and consolidating into one Common Fraternity the whole of the manhood of our churches. Its aims and objects were, and still are, to encourage our laymen to take a more active part in the work of their churches, and to form a bond of union of the menfolk in all our churches.

Founded in 1920, and by 1939 there were 20 Branches and 28 Affiliated Churches, and over 500 annual subscribing members. Due to the war the Men's League almost ceased to exist, but

to-day there are 14 Branches, 29 Affiliated Churches and 200 annual subscribing members, with the interest still growing.

What could be better "from the Ministers point of view" than, that he could have connected with his Church, a society, where he could meet the male members of his congregation and discuss with them, his aims and ideals, and also his problems, for I am certain that every church has these, but we of the Men's League believe that a problem shared is a problem half solved, and as the lack of male support in the congregations is very apparent, we think that the idea of a League Branch or a Fellowship should be fostered to the full.—Yours,

Chowbent.

Frank C. Glover.
Hon. Nat. Secretary.

"Silent Stars"

*A dark cave lit by a feeble rushlight,
And stillness stirred by a thin sharp cry;
Where flesh is riven in the birth of manchild,
And a father's lips breathe a tortured sigh.
Then flute, O winds, a song of triumph
And relief to the silent stars.*

*While far-off stars reap no reck of mortals,
But turn about on their hinge of time,
With Virgo, Taurus and Pisces rising
And Sirius a-top his zenith climb;
Shepherds once gleaned a symbol'd secret
Of hope from the silent stars.*

*No scribe of Herod, with weary fingers,
Marked name or place in the Jewish scrolls;
No slave of Rome by command Augustan
Sped stylus across the census rolls:
But in her heart a mother remembered
The night of the silent stars.*

*She reared her child by a woman's wisdom,
Apprenticed him to his father's side;
Spelled out before him the Law and the Prophets,
Till meekly, "Shema, O Israel!" he cried.
But he heard beneath the chant and precept
The burden of silent stars.*

*The stars were stronger and stranger than Torah,
They called by The Virgo, by blood of The Bull:
And manchild forsook safe hearth of his mother,
He sought human pain till his chalice was full.
And bodies and spirits broken he healed by
His strength from the silent stars.*

*Jerusalem envied the young man his healing;
His prophecy scarred her temple wall.
They nailed his hands to a gibbet's cross-beam
And stilled his tongue with bitter gall.
They left a broken company kneeling
In fear under silent stars.*

*O stars! still keep to your ancient pathways;
Lay silence deep on turbulent soul,
Till out of your silence a greater manchild
Shall make our smitten planet whole.
And east and west shall find together
The peace of the silent stars.*

Leonard Mason.

Against Gloom

It was in A.D. 342 that the good Bishop Tiberius preached the first Christmas Sermon in Rome. That was the beginning of the Christmas Festival as we now know it. Every age seems to add something of its own joys and hopes to it, sometimes trivial and ephemeral, sometimes rich and lasting. In all its manifold aspects, Christmas is the protest of the human race against gloom.

It began away back in the dim past of the Nordic and other races then living in Europe. It began here, where alone it could begin naturally in the Northern hemisphere, distant from the Equator, at this time of the year when nights are longest and the gloom and cold of the northern winter is all around. The hope which springs eternal in the human breast came perennially to birth, as most wonderfully it always does in the darkest hours. It was man's ever resurgent instinctive demand for happiness which made him create at this time a festival of joy and gladness as a triumphant challenge to the encompassing hardship and gloom.

When Christianity first spread over Europe it came with an other-worldly message centred in the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ which filled the spiritual needs of only a few choice souls who were sufficiently mature to see it for what it was. But, whatever the destiny of man in a hereafter, the vast majority of mankind then, as now, demand happiness in this life. This instinct of strength through joy is not evil, though there were times when the Christian Church was not wide enough in its human sympathies to encompass and guide this deep longing of humanity.

In the fourth century the Christian world was pretty dismal. This world was considered a dreadful place, which one could justifiably leave without much regret. So, boys and girls, in whom the zest for enjoyment is naturally strong, turned to the sports of their pagan ancestors, for they, unlike the Christians raced and danced and frolicked and sang songs other than hymns.

Wise men in the Church, perhaps remembering their own youth, and against all theological prejudice regarding original sin, saw the innocence of childhood's games and established Christmas as a Christian Festival.

It was the wisest and most Christlike thing that Christians ever did to turn this feast day over to the child. They didn't know,—nobody knew, what was the actual birthday of Jesus. So they said to themselves "We will celebrate the birth of Christ at this pagan festival of the Winter Solstice." To the world the Church said "This is the birthday of Christ which you celebrate!" and mankind responded with glad accord and has continued so to do ever since. Thus has Christmas become the festival of Everyman in a way in which no other Christian festival has done.

From The Ullet Road Calendar.

Youth Supplement

BY THE UNITARIAN YOUNG PEOPLE'S LEAGUE

A MESSAGE FROM ALICE CROMBIE

National President of the Unitarian Young People's League

I AM most glad to send a message of greeting to our many older friends who read of our doings in *The Inquirer Youth Supplement*.

During the months since May I have travelled fairly extensively among our churches and have had the pleasure of meeting many of the older members of our congregations as

well as the young people. I have been given generous hospitality in many homes and would like to express thanks from myself and from others like me who are so often welcomed into your homes in the course of our work for the League.

This has been a grand year for our League but I am sure that 1955, when the League will celebrate its twenty-first birthday, will be even more inspiring. We are trying to strengthen and extend our League so that we may carry on the wonderful example that you, the older people, have set us. Your help and encouragement and interest mean a great deal to us. We feel much more confident when we know that so many friends are with us in our task.

We send, to all our friends everywhere, warmest wishes for your happiness this Christmas and our hopes for peace and goodwill in the New Year.

FOUNDED 1715 — CLOSED 1955?

By Martin Davies

At 17 Martin Davies is President of the Yorkshire Region of the Unitarian Young People's League with the task of maintaining fellowship between youth groups separated in many cases by distances of 40 to 100 miles.

WE in the Unitarian Young People's League pride ourselves on our "Balanced Programme"—worship, exploration, service and recreation. The Yorkshire Region had service in mind when it organized a week-end rally at Malton Unitarian Chapel.

A small group of UYPLers came on the Saturday morning from York, Halifax, Bradford and Bury ready for plenty of hard work. Originally it had been planned to attack the town with oratory. But on arrival we found the chapel in such a derelict state that we decided we should need all the young people to work in the chapel. Thus everybody set to to do the task which was in front of him. Perhaps some of the parents would not have believed that their children would work so willingly and so happily!

The actual jobs done varied considerably: the garden was weeded; the hedges were trimmed; a window mended; the floor of the chapel was swept and polished; the carpets and pew-cushions were beaten; the school-room floor was scrubbed; the gallery was cleared of junk, swept and dusted. Meanwhile, to complicate matters, it was decided to sell coffee to the people of Malton at threepence a cup; accordingly a notice was put up outside the chapel and attracted quite a number of visitors. Whatever the state of the room as our guests entered—whether it was being scrubbed or merely used as a dumping ground—they were always greeted with the smile of a cheerful Bradford lad. An elderly lady came in, and after being handed Unitarian leaflets told us that she was a Congregationalist, lived twelve miles away, and had been attracted by the coffee idea. Undaunted we entertained a number of small boys who had had to run home for their money before coming in; while the garage next door provided a roaring trade.

After dinner, which was snatched as well as was possible in the turmoil, and which was constantly interrupted by the actions of wasp-catchers doing acrobatics, and by wasps doing rather more successful acrobatics, two young people were sent out to deliver literature into house letter-boxes and to thrust it into people's hands. Meanwhile, at the chapel the work continued unceasingly and still more people visited the building. This especially pleased us; we felt that the more people who had been inside the building and who knew of the existence of such a building, the more likely it was that the building would thrive in the future. So Saturday passed. We left the chapel at about seven o'clock and made our way to the Youth Hostel where we were to stay the night.

Next morning we returned for the morning Youth Service. But as 11 o'clock drew near and still no one came, our spirits gradually sank. Nevertheless we went ahead with the arrangements and after we had got used to the sound of our own

voices we were quite happy. Frank Smith of York conducted the service with the quiet reverence which was needed to give us confidence in ourselves whilst Nora Jackson, the U.Y.P.L. National Vice-President, gave a very effective address which deserved a much larger congregation. When the service was over all the down-heartedness had gone.

The afternoon service produced much better material results and we can only presume that in a country market town Sunday life begins at midday. A congregation of twenty was there to hear the Rev. T. Brett Davies of York preach a challenging sermon and we really began to think that we had achieved something.

And thus, on a cheerful note, would I like to end; but it would be foolish to give ourselves a false impression. The triumph was only temporary. Two months later the minister-in-charge, who has to travel sixteen miles from York, waited in vain for an afternoon congregation which did not exist.

Perhaps you, reader, can give this matter a few moments thought, for this Unitarian church is only one of many like it. I hope your thought may lead to action for I am convinced that only action—immediate action—on the part of our laymen can save many of these Unitarian causes and put the denomination in the position it ought to hold to-day.

An Appeal

Sir,—May I once again make the annual Xmas appeal for donations towards the mission work at Stamford St. Chapel? There is always some small help that can be given, and needs to be given, even in these days of the Welfare State, and your contributions will be greatly appreciated.—Yours,

5 Arkwright Road, London, N.W. 3. (Rev.) Donald P. Maw.

THE INQUIRER

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NEWS REVIEW

R.E.Y.D. and U.Y.P.L. Workshop Project: Over thirty young people from churches in the North and East Lancashire Mission Area met at Colne on November 27/28 for "Exercise UnY.P.L.," a joint Religious Education and Youth Department and Unitarian Young People's League Workshop Project.

Four talks were given by Rev. Dudley E. Richards, Mr. Geoffrey Waywell (U.Y.P.L. General Secretary) and Miss Nora Jackson (President of North East Lancs. Region of U.Y.P.L.) on various situations in youth work.

Analysing the title of his first talk "Training for Youth Leadership" Mr. Richards said that potential leaders must consider (a) who were the "youth" they had to lead; (b) what type of leadership they could offer them; (c) the basic and arduous training their own characters required. Mr. Waywell in his talk "Forming Youth Groups" dealt with the internal organisation of clubs in addition to ways of starting them and the recruitment of membership. Following this group discussion produced sound ideas on the purposes of religious youth groups and suggestions for the ideals of such groups. Miss Jackson spoke on one of the U.Y.P.L. objects under the heading of "Balanced Programmes for Unitarian Youth." In outlining how the ingredients of Worship, Service, Exploration and Recreation could be mixed to form organized activity that would cater for the spiritual, cultural and physical needs of young people emphasis was placed on programme planning and source of material. "Social Service, A Challenge to Young People" was Mr. Richards' second talk, when he gave practical ideas on how the Church could help its neighbour.

Mr. Richards also addressed the Youth Service on Sunday morning on comparative religion and the need for tolerance in religious beliefs. The U.Y.P.L. National President, Miss Alice Crombie, conducted the service and two ladies from Colne read the lessons.

In the vote of thanks at the close of the week-end special tribute was paid to the members of Colne congregation for their private hospitality and warmth of welcome.

An Anniversary in the Khasi Hills

The following report has been received from Mr. K. Sergeant the secretary of the Unitarian Church, Jowai, Khasi Hills, Assam, India.

"Preparations for our anniversary were made a month and a half before the actual date. On every evening there was held in every house meetings to encourage and raise the enthusiasm of members of the church, as well as to consecrate every house. All members took an active part in whitewashing and painting the church building as well as clearing the compound. The young folks took upon themselves the burden of arranging the sports and games played on the anniversary day. Young men also arranged for the illumination in the church compound. Arches were raised for hanging the lights, two days previously to the anniversary day. The Secretary took part in examining the work performed by young men and women and other adult members. He also set some 12 questions to young men, women and adults on September 16, 1954, on the subject relating to the Unitarian Faith. As a result, 7 only could pass while 5 others failed. In the evening of September 17, 1954, prayer meetings were held both in the Church and private houses well illuminated with lights, as a mark of respect, pleasure and rejoicing at the establishment of this Faith in these hills (at Jowai). The service was conducted by U Riata Litan, a leading member of the church."

Exeter: A Bring and Buy Sale, held recently for the purpose of raising funds for repairs and decoration of the Hall, surpassed all expectations. An immediate start will be made upon the work. It was a great inspiration to have a congregation of 150 for the service of All Faiths. Most of the congregation were young people. The lessons were read by students and the sermon was given by the minister, the Rev. Ralph Philipson.

Fallowthorpe: Dob Lane. A Sale of Work held on November 12 realized the magnificent sum of £780. Apart from the financial results a wonderful atmosphere has been created which, it is hoped, will help the future. The Sale was opened by Mr. William Howard, and the stalls were artistically decorated by Mr. George Hill, a member of the congregation.

N.E. Lancashire Women's League: A meeting was held at Newchurch on November 11. In spite of terrific rain there were 36 present.

The service was taken by Mrs. Davies, a Baptist minister's wife.

She said, during the past few years women are being called upon more and more to take part in public affairs. There are women holding high office of State, women are elected to City, town, and village councils, and they take a major part in running churches and chapels.

Members of the Women's League should individually prepare themselves for these tasks. We cannot all do the same things, or spare much money or time but we can all live our lives in great sincerity.

The evening meeting was presided over by Mrs. Scalf.

Hastings: On Saturday, December 4, at 3 p.m. a most successful Sale of Work was opened by Mrs. H. F. Cheshire, Mr. H. Beach, presiding. The sum realized was over £120, a record and a most encouraging result for all the hard work put in by members of the Working Party and friends.

Winter activities—Women's League, Literary Society, etc.—under the guidance of the Minister, Revd. Denbigh Hilton and Mrs. Hilton also proved to be a great success.

Lye: There was a goodly congregation at the commencement of the joint Lye-Shorbridge ministry of the Rev. Charles Simpson. The service was attended by the Mayor and Mayoress of Shorbridge (Councillor W. P. Drew, J.P. and Mrs. Drew) accompanied by the Town Clerk, the Mayoress and members of the Borough Council. This was the first time full civic recognition was accorded to Lye Chapel. The second lesson was read by His Worship the Mayor. A special feature of the service was the singing of the Choir under the direction of the organist, Mr. Gilbert Taylor. A pleasing ceremony during a social gathering in the school-room at the close of service was the presentation to the Mayor by the Rev. Charles Simpson (on behalf of the Congregation) of a copy of "A Golden Treasury of the Bible" which had been inscribed for

Continued on page 420

THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1954

AMERDARE, Highland Place, 11 and 6, Rev. D. JACOB DAVIS
 AMERDARE, Unitarian Church, Skene Street, 11 and 6, Rev. GORDON BEVERLEY
 ANTRIM, Dunbar Road Chapel, 11, 245 and 6.30 (Carol Service), Rev. A. W. VALLANCE, Christmas Day, 11
 ASHWOOD, Unitarian Church, Knowley Road, 11.15 and 3, Rev. B. GILL
 ASTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Road, 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY H. KNIGHT
 BATH, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30, Rev. FRANK TERRY
 BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. AGNEW
 BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30 and 7 (Nativity Service), Dr. H. J. McLACHLAN
 BELLIS GREEN (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. JOHN KELLY
 BILLSHURST, Free Church, High Street, 11.15, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL
 BIKINGHAM, Unitarian Church, Seabrook Road, 6.30, Rev. MAURICE JOHNSON
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of Messiah, Broad Street, 11 and 6.30 (Carol Service), Rev. GORDON STUART, Christmas Day, 11
 BIRMINGHAM, Wesley Road Church, and Harst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Rev. ROWEN McGRAW
 BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. E. A. WEST
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Road, 11 and 6.30, —
 BOLTON, Bank Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 10.30 and 6.30 (Carol Service), Rev. J. GORDON DAVIS
 BOLTON, Halliwell Road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. MAW
 BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Road, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR J. LONG
 BOSTON (LINCOLN), Unitarian Chapel, Spalding Lane, 6.30, Supply
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill Road, 11, Rev. LAWRENCE REDFERN, Christmas Day, 11
 BRADFORD, Broadway Avenue, 2.45 and 6.30, Christmas Pageant
 BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK A. BULLOCK
 BRIDGWATER, Christ Church, Dampier Street, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. W. H. CORDELL, Carol & Gift Service
 BRIDPORT, Unitarian Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. RANDALL JONES
 BRISTOL, Christ Church Unitarian, New Road, 11, Rev. J. BENCK WALKER, 6.30
 Mr. JOHN ROWLAND
 BRISTOL, Lewis's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Carol Service, Christmas Day, 11, Rev. A. H. BUTLER
 BRISTOL, Oakfield Road, 11, Rev. A. H. BUTLER, 6.30, Mr. R. L. NICHOLSON
 BURNLEY, Unitarian Church, Trafalgar Street, 3, Rev. W. HILL WARRING
 BURY, Bank Street, 11, 2.30 and 6.30, Carol Service, Rev. F. M. RYDE, Christmas Day, 11
 CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Church, Emmanuel Road, 11 and 6, Rev. H. STEWART CARTER
 CARDIFF, The West Grove Unitarian Church, 11, —, 6.30, —
 CARLISLE, Unitarian Church, Lorne Street, 2.15, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. F. D. JONES
 CHATHAM, The Church of the Great Companions, Hamond Hill, 3, Mr. BRUCE FENFLOE
 CHICHESTER, Elder Yard Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Carol Service, Rev. ERIC SHAW, Christmas Day, 11
 CHICHESTER, Chapel, Ashdown, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TUDOR
 CHILLY, St. Paul, Old Meeting House, Old Meeting Road, 11, Rev. P. C. WHITMAN, 6.30, Carol Service, Christmas Day, 11
 COVENTRY, Holyhead Road, 11 (Junior Church), and 6.30, Rev. ALAN WILLIAMS
 CREWE, Free Christian Church, Birch Street, 6.30, Supply
 CROFTON, Unitarian Church, Harnage Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. R. DICKEN
 CROFTON, Free Christian Church, Walsley Road, 11, Carol Service, Rev. J. P. CHALK (Also 6.30, 1st Sunday in month)
 DEAN ROW, 10.45, Rev. A. R. DOWNING, STYAL, 6.30, Rev. A. R. DOWNING
 DENTON, Whitby Street Chapel, 11, Children's Chapel, and 6.30, Rev. F. COTTER, Christmas Day, 11
 DERRY, Free Christian Church, 6.30, Rev. A. D. WILLIAMS
 DETCHELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Carol Service, Mr. JOHN ROWLAND
 DUNDEE, Free Christian Church, Church Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30 (Carol Service), Rev. GEO. W. PARKINSON
 DUNDEE, Adams Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Carol Service, Rev. E. G. GREEN
 DUNDEE, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAVILL HICKS
 DUNDEE, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11, Mr. D. ENLEY, 6.30, Mr. B. THORNTON
 DUNDEE, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. STUART P. WATKINSON
 EDENBURGH, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. R. TAYLOR
 EDENBURGH, George's Chapel, South St., 6.30, Rev. MALCOLM PETERSON
 GLE CHURCH, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. HARRY SMITH
 GLASGOW, St. Vincent Street Unitarian Church, 11, Dr. JANE DARRICK
 GLASGOW, Unitarian Church, Finnieston St., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. GRAHAM SMITH
 GUILDFORD, Ward Street Chapel, 11.15, Rev. R. NICHOLSON
 HALL CHAPEL, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30 (Carol Service), Rev. JOHN STONE, Christmas Day, 10.45
 HALLETT, Northgate Road, 3, Carol Service, Christmas Day, 11
 HARTLEY, Free Christian Church, South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DENNIS HILTON
 HARTLEY, Great Meeting, Seaton Lane, 11 and 6, Rev. RALPH E. GORDON
 HARTLEY, Wesley Road, 6.30, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL
 HARTLEY, St. Paul's, 11, Rev. J. B. TUDOR
 HILL, Park Street Church (Unitarian), 6.30, Carol Service, Mr. I. H. WALKER, Christmas Day, 11
 HILL OF WIND, NEWPORT, Unitarian Christian Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. J. CARTER
 KENDAL, Market Place Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. PUGH
 KENDAL, Brook Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. STUART MINTER
 KENDAL, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. WATKINSON
 LANCASTER, St. Nicholas Street Church, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. I. HALL
 LANCASTER, Mill Hill Chapel, City Square, 10.45 and 6.30 (Carol Service), Dr. R. W. WILKS, Christmas Day, 11.30
 LANCASTER, Northgate Road, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Mr. C. V. WALKER
 LANCASTER, The Great Meeting, East Road Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE MARRIS
 LANCASTER, Victoria Hill, 11, Low Altarpiece
 LEAM, Wesley Chapel, 11, Rev. W. J. McLACHLAN
 LEAM, High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. R. W. KENNEDY
 LEAMINGTON, Arden Chapel of Trinity, 11 and 6.30, Carol Service, Dr. P. N. TOWELL, Christmas Day, 11
 LEAMINGTON, South Free Church, 6.30, —
 LEAMINGTON, Domestic Mission, Mill Street, 6.30, Rev. J. KIM MINNIE
 LEAMINGTON, Garton Chapel, 11, —
 LEAMINGTON, St. Paul's, 11, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. R. L. GALLARD
 LEAMINGTON, St. Paul's, 6.30, Supply
 LEAMINGTON, Hill Road, 11, 3 and 6.30, Christmas Service, Rev. R. SUGGILL PUGH, Christmas Day, 11
 LEAMINGTON, Red Street, Highgate Road, 6, Rev. WALTER M. LANE

LONDON, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Rev. DONALD P. MAW
 LONDON, Brixton, Effra Road, 11, Rev. E. G. LEE
 LONDON, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30
 Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE, Christmas Day, 11
 LONDON, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 6.30, Rev. JOHN KELLY
 LONDON, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11, Rev. DUDLEY RICHARDS, 6.30, Rev. K. C. TRACHER
 LONDON, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 6.30, Rev. DUDLEY RICHARDS
 LONDON, Hampstead, Roslyn Hill, 11, Rev. DONALD P. MAW, Christmas Day, 11
 LONDON, Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 11, Carol Service, Rev. K. C. TRACHER, Christmas Day, 11
 LONDON, Ilford High Road, 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR PRACOCK
 LONDON, Islington Unitarian Church, Upper Street Preston Hall, 6.30, Rev. A. V. FOX, Christmas Day, 11.15
 LONDON, Kilburn, Unitarian Christian Church, Quest Road, 11, Rev. A. V. FOX
 LONDON, Lewisham Unitarian Church, High Street, 11, Dr. A. D. BILDEN
 LONDON, Leytonstone, Lea Bridge Road, Knots Green, 11, Children's Service, 6.30
 Rev. ROSEMARY BARKER
 LONDON, Mansford Street Church, Bethnal Green, 6.30, Rev. J. W. DUMBLE
 LONDON, Richmond Free Church, Ormond Road, 11, Rev. WALTER M. LONG, Christmas Day, 10.30
 LONDON, Stratford, West Ham Lane Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church, 6.30, Mr. J. R. TUDOR
 LONDON, Wandsworth Unitarian Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. ARTHUR PRACOCK, Christmas Day, 11
 LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Ch. at Highgate Hill Unitarian Ch., 1st and 3rd Sundays, 6, Rev. T. L. JONES
 LONDON, Wood Green Unity Church, Newnham Road, 6.30, Rev. G. J. G. GRIFFITHS
 LUTHERAN, St. Anne's (Ansdell), Unitarian Church, Channing Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. HERBERT CHASTERS
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. MURIEL HILTON
 MANCHESTER, Blackley, Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, 6.30, Christmas Service, Mr. D. C. DOB
 MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRED KENWORTHY, Christmas Day, 11
 MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. MAURICE BROWN
 MANCHESTER, Mowson Church, Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. D. T. EVANS
 MANCHESTER, Padiham Unitarian, Cross Lane, 6.30, Rev. T. W. ROBERTS, Nativity Play
 MANCHESTER, Park Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Rev. JOHN GILL
 MANCHESTER, Redwood Street Mission, 6.30, Supply
 MANCHESTER, Sand Chapel, Whitefield, 10.45, Rev. G. D. FOOT, 6.30, Carol Service, Christmas Day, 11
 MANCHESTER, Withernsea Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 11, Sunday School, 11, Rev. A. E. FOOT
 MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Browney Road, Benchill, 6.30, Carol Service, Mr. A. M. BOWEN
 MANCHESTER, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH SHERRATT
 MANCHESTER, Unitarian Hall, 31 Stockport Road, 3 each Sunday
 MENDHAM, Free Christian Church, 6.30, Rev. E. A. DAVIES
 MENDHAM, Old Road Chapel, 6, Student
 MENDHAM (see Loughborough)
 MENDHAM, 3, and NEWTON ABBOT, 6.30, Rev. C. G. TUDOR
 MENDHAM, Christian Church, Sandford Road, 10.45 and 6, Student
 NANTWICH, Old Chapel, 6, Supply
 NANTWICH, The Church of the Divine Unity, Eilian Place, 11 and 6.30
 Rev. J. H. ORAM DAVIES
 NEWBURY, (Rusholme), Bethel Unitarian Church, 2.45 and 6, Christmas Service, Rev. E. R. SHERK
 NORTHAMPTON, Kenning Road Church, 6.30, Mr. P. B. GODFREY
 NORTHAMPTON, Octagon Chapel, Colgate, 11, Rev. J. A. KENNEDY
 NORTHAMPTON, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30 (Carol Service), Rev. C. GORDON, Christmas Day, 10.45
 OLDERSHAW, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. HENRY A. GORE
 OLDERSHAW, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30 (Carol Service), Rev. T. E. NUTTALL
 OXFORD, Mansfield College Chapel, 11.30, The Rev. THE PRINCIPAL
 PAINES, Nantwich Unitarian Church, Knight Hill, 10.30 and 6, Christmas Service, Rev. W. HILL WARRING
 PARK LANE CHAPEL, West Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT SMITH
 PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Church, Houndcombe Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. KENNELLY
 POOLE, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11.15, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. ERNEST PUGH
 PORTSMOUTH, Palmer's Meeting House, Fratton Bridge, 6.30, —
 PORTSMOUTH, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, —
 READING, Hants, The Meeting House, 6.30, Mr. ERIC KAY
 READING, Blackwater Street, 10.30, Rev. W. BURN, 6, Nativity Play, Christmas Day, 11
 READING, Church of Our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. N. J. TAYLOR
 SALT, Ashdown Road, 11, Rev. JOHN GILL
 SANDHURST, Unitarian Church, Wokingham, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. W. T. WILKINS
 SANDHURST (Ampthill), 6.30, Mr. T. H. MORRIS
 SANDHURST, Farnham Old Chapel, 11, Christmas Service, Rev. F. SORRELL
 SANDHURST, Unity Church, Chesham Road, 11 and 6.30 (Carol Service), Rev. E. D. DAVIES
 SANDHURST, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30 (Carol Service), Rev. G. E. WHITE
 SANDHURST, High Street, Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Supply
 SANDHURST, High Street, Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. C. NEWTON
 SANDHURST, Kell Mansfield Hill, Bells View Road, 6, Mr. J. R. STUBBS
 SANDHURST, St. Paul's, Dunley Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Miss M. GRIFFITHS
 SANDHURST, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. T. J. JONES
 St. Helen's, Corporation Street, 6.30, —
 STOCKPORT, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. I. HODGSON
 STOCKPORT, St. Paul's, Walsley Street, 6.30, Rev. F. W. BURN
 STOCKPORT, Padiham Unitarian Chapel, 11, Rev. CHARLES STANSON, 6.30, Miss GALT
 STURTON, Padiham Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Rev. R. VINEY
 STURTON, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. R. VINEY (also 11, First Sunday in month)
 STURTON, Solihull Hall Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC WILD
 TAYNOR, Mary St. Chapel, 11, Rev. W. H. CORDELL, Carol Service, 2.30, Sunday School
 TAYNOR, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30, Rev. G. KENNELLY
 TAYNOR, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, Mr. A. HARRISON
 TAYNOR, Unity Church, Mansfield Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES EASTON
 TAYNOR, Congregational Church, 11 (1st Sunday in month) and 6, Rev. A. F. O. THORNTON
 WARRING, Mansfield Church, Manor Road, 11, 3 and 6.30, Christmas Service, Rev. ERIC WILD
 WARRING, Cedar Road, 10.30 and 6.30, Supply

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WATFORD, Friends' House, Church Road (by permission), 7.30, No Service
WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.15, Mr. G. WILKINSON
WEST KESWICK, Brookfield Gardens, 11, Rev. MAURICE JOHNSON, 6.30, Mr. E. GEDDES
Christmas Day, 11
WHITBY, Flowergate, 2.30, Junior Christmas Service, Rev. W. T. WILKINS
YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30, Rev. T. BRETT DAVIES

THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP provides for those unable to attend a Unitarian Church. For information write to the Secretary, N.U.F., 14 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE, Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield St., 11 and 7, Rev. COLIN GIBSON
MELBOURNE, Unitarian Church, Cathedral Place, C.2; Unitarian Half-Hour broadcast, 4.15. Services: 4 p.m. second Sunday in each month, Evening 7 p.m.
Rev. V. JAMES
PERTH, Western Australia, Unitarian Free Christian Fellowship, Mr. R. H. FRATHURSTON, 19 Clifton Crescent, Mt. Lawley
SYDNEY, New South Wales, Unitarian Church, 15 Francis Street (off College St.)
7.15, Rev. G. E. HALL. Mains Telephone LX 5321
UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIA, 1 Grice Alley, Melbourne, C.1. Minister
Rev. W. BOTTOMLEY. Meetings as advertised
SEAFORD COMMUNITY CHURCH, Austin Road, Seaford (Vic.). S.S. weekly at 2.15 p.m. Public Worship, fortnightly, 3.15 p.m. Minister: Rev. W. BOTTOMLEY

CANADA

MONTREAL, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke Street West, and Simpson Street
11, Rev. ANGUS CAMERON
TORONTO, First Unitarian Church, 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. W. P. JACKSON
VANCOUVER, B. C., Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1,350 Tenth Avenue West
11, Rev. JOHN A. CRANE

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND, Unitarian Church, Ponsonby Road, 11 and 7, Rev. E. H. MORRIS
WELLINGTON, Unitarian Free Ch., Tiddell's Buildings, 100 Lambton Quay, Supply

SOUTH AFRICA

CAPE TOWN, Host Street, 11, Sunday School; 7, Service, Rev. MADON C. RATTEN

Continued from page 418

the occasion by Mrs. J. Griffiths.

On Wednesday evening a Congregational Social was held in the school-rooms, when Miss Green (Chairman) welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Simpson on behalf of the Committee and Congregation, and Mr. J. I. Green spoke on behalf of the Trustees. Light refreshments were served.

Knaresford: Included in the wide and varied interests of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Cowburn, of Booths Hall, Knaresford, who both died some months ago, was a deep concern for children and children's welfare. This fact led the Committee of Brook Street Chapel, Knaresford, where Mr. and Mrs. Cowburn regularly worshipped, to the conclusion that an addition to the children's corner of the Chapel would be a fitting memorial. As a result of the generosity of members and friends, a background to the corner,

TRANSACTIONS OF THE UNITARIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Vol. X Part 4 1954

Editor—Dr. H. McLachlan

Contents:

LYDGATE CHAPEL: THE DATE OF THE BUILDING E. Basil Short
A MINISTER'S WIFE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY F. J. Hamblin
THE PRESBYTERIAN CLASSICAL SYSTEM, 1646-1660 Charles E. Surman
REVIEWS AND OUR CONTEMPORARIES The Editor
A CALENDAR NOTE, OFFICERS, MEMBERS, REPORT, ACCOUNTS, INDEX.

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in natural oak, in keeping with the simplicity of the ancient Chapel will be dedicated at the morning service on Sunday, December 19. The inscription reads, "In affectionate and grateful memory of Arthur William and Edith Emily Cowburn, 1954."

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Cowburn are invited by the Minister and Congregation to attend the dedication service.

Frank Colebrook

After spending a typically busy and active day in his home at Woking on November 16, this stalwart Unitarian veteran of 93 retired to rest and passed silently and peacefully from this life during the night. Half a century ago he joined the Highgate congregation, continuing in regular membership until he left London during the late war. He won widespread regard by his pulpit services in the district as a lay preacher, and by his warm human interest in all the church activities of both old and young. Friendliness, versatility, humour and more than a touch of originality were prominent characteristics of his. One who often heard him preach recalls the stress he laid upon the thought of "God the Encourager"—a fruitful conception born of his own energetic disposition and optimistic conviction.

This is not the place for more than a glimpse at his professional career; expert reporter for the Central News Agency in the Press Gallery of the House at 21; ownership for seven years of a Dorking Newspaper; front-rank eminence as an authority upon all the technical aspects of the printing trade; founder, in 1902, of a leading firm of newspaper and printers' valuers. He himself, in this capacity, after the destruction of Essex Hall, stooping from huge tasks to a comparatively small one, helped the staff to schedule and value for War Damage purposes their complicated "Chattels" claim.

Fleet Street paid its tribute to the oldest member of the Press Club in a memorial service at St. Dunstan's Church on December 1.

M.R.

Elizabeth Mary Evans

Passing away on the very morning of the opening of their recent Bazaar, November 20, the death of Miss Evans gave a shock to the church and her many friends. She would have celebrated her 80th birthday in December.

Having been brought up a Methodist, she was one of those who could compare and evaluate aright our faith; and her devotion to our movement was exemplary and encouraging. She was associated with the Southport Church for a matter of 17 years, with a previous connection with the Blackburn and Burnley Churches. There was no aspect of the church life and activity that was outside her range of interest and generous support.

In all her contacts, she was ever gracious and helpful in a quiet, unassuming way; and her generosity was proverbial. The church will miss her sorely.

T.J.J.

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